

## 'Timmer Tone'

①

In askin' me to sing a sang, ye've made a gran'  
mistake,

For gin I wad to sing a verse sic faces 'e wad  
mak'

Ye ane by ane wud seek the door & leave me  
all alone,

Ye couldnae been to hear me sing, I've sic a  
timmer tone.

I henna got a tenor voice, I henna got a bass  
and that's the way I sometimes think I canna  
get a lasso,

I like a chap that's musical, at singin'  
sangs a dows,

But they say, "ab me" fin I turn my  
back "ye've sic a timmer tone."

②

Our wark got up a concert aince, I gid there we  
a' the rest,

The cheerman asked me for a sang, of course he  
wis in jest,

The lads insistit, sing I should — the lasses  
egged them on,

They meant to laugh at my expense, I ne  
sic a timmer tone.

(3)

I tried a verse at a concert aince I thought I'd  
deen nae bad,

I speered the verdie' o' a chiel, a young  
apprentice lad,

Says he, "my man neest time ye sing, jist try  
a brace scone,

Tae red yer hoosty thrapple, for ye've sic a  
timmes tone."

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(4)

I felt oor ain presentor aince, it was my chief  
desire,

Giv he wud train this vice o' mine, tae be  
ane o' his "hoie",

Says he "nae man yer a kindly chiel, but I  
doot yer shirlin' drone,

wud fit the rest a' oot o' time, ye've sic  
a timmes tone."

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